THE

SUMMARY

OF

VVISEDOME,

By *Edward Benlowes* Eſq;

Love not the World, neither the things that are in the World; if any Man love the World, the love of the FATHER is not in him: For all that is in the World, the Luſt of the Eyes, the Luſt of the Fleſh, and the Pride of Life, is not of the FATHER, but is of the World; and the World paſſeth away, and the Luſt thereof. But He that doth the Will of God abideth for ever. 1 Joh. 2. 15, 16, 17.

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THE
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OF
WISEDOME,

By the Author of THEOPHILA.

Love not the World, neither the Things that are in the World; *if any man love the* World, *the Love of the* FATHER *is not in him*, &c. 1 Joh. 2.15,16,17.

1 *Orldlings* we count not, envy not, nor fear;
May *Friends* to *Vertue* lend their Ear:
While *Sinners* ſplit on ſhelves, *Saints* to
Heav'ns Harbour ſteer.
2 Earthlings! What's Heap of *wealth*?
What's *Honours* Height?
What's *Pleaſures* May? can toyes ſo ſlight
Bleſſe Heav'n-deſcended Soules with Lifes eternall Light?
3 *Riches* from moſt men, ſwift as Eagles, fly;
Honours on popular breath rely;
Pleaſure's a flaſh; — And All combind, but Vanity.
4 Why dot'ſt thou, WORLD, on *theſe*? we will not ſtay:
Juggler, We know thy tempting Way;
Which is, by Charms to mock our Senſe, and then betray.
5 Art toyles to ſerve thee; Sables yield their Skinnes;
The Silk-Worm for thy Ward-robe ſpinnes;
The Rock with Jemmes, the Sea with Pearles, emboſſe thy Sinnes;
6 To bribe thy Palate, Luſt draynes Earth, Air, Seas;
Whence Finny, Wing'd, hoof'd Droves muſt pleaſe
The Glutton, made thereby a Spittle of each Diſeaſe.

7 Falſe

SUMMA SAPIENTIÆ,

per Authorem THEOPHILÆ.

Nolite diligere MUNDUM, neque ea quæ ſunt in MUNDO; ſi quis dilexerit MUNDUM, Amor PATRIS non eſt in eo, &c. Johan. 2. 15, 16, 17.

1 AMbitionis, & Invidiæ, & Formidinis expers,
Reſpuo *Mundicolas*; Faveant *Virtutis Alumni*:
Cœleſtis Statio His, æſtu ſorbente *ſceleſtos*.
2 Terrigenæ! quid acervus *Opum*? quid culmen *Honorum*?
Flora *Voluptatum*? poſſuntne rependere Menti
Cœligenæ Vitam, quæ ſunt peritura, perennem?
3 Pluribus aufugiunt *Gazæ* pernicibus alis;
Eſt *Honor* incerti demulcens aura Popelli;
Luxurieſque vapor; — Complexim cunctaque vana.
4 Munde, quid hæc fugiriva colis? Stat, nolle morari;
Novimus, *Impoſtor*, quod es inſidioſus Amicis;
Circæo faciles illudis Carmine Senſus.
5 Ars tibi ſubſervire ſtudet; tibi Ruſſica molles
Exuvias Muſtela parat; tibi Serica Bombyx;
Gemmis Petra, Salum Baccis tua Crimina ditant.
6 Fert lautas tibi Luxus Opes Terræ, Aëris, Undæ;
Undè Tuis properant Pinnæ, Pennæque, Feræque;
Ex quibus innumeros ſibi procreat Helluo Morbos,

7 False *world*, Aſps poyſon equals not thy Gall,
Imbittering Soules to Hell. Thus all
Thy Darlings thou delud'ſt with thy enchanting Call.
8 I wonder not unbridled fools run on;
Since all their Heav'n's on earth alone;
Which, though thou ſeem'ſt to give, as ſoon as giv'n, 't is gone.
9 Kiſſe, and betray, then *Nero*'s Rage out-dare;
He, whom thou hugg'ſt, ſhould moſt beware:
I ſhall un-maſk thy *Guiles*, and thy fond *Gulls* un-ſnare.
10 Thy Smile is but a trap, thy frown a bubble,
Thy Praiſe a ſquib, thy beauty ſtubble;
Who know thee beſt, have found a Theater of Trouble:
11 Where *Men* and *Devils* meet; and Senſe, compact
With Fraud, gild every vicious fact:
Where we muſt Evil hear, or ſuffer it, or act.
12 Thy Friends are thieves of Time; The chat they vent
(Light Ayres pleaſe toyiſh eares) is ſpent
On traſh, which Mindes ſeduce with cheating blandiſhment.
13 Thy *gifted* Sythemen have Religion mown,
Which, in their *Meeting*-barnes, is grown
From Beſt to All (like *Corinths* Schiſm) from All, to none.
14 Thy Shop vents brayded Ware of apiſh faſhion;
Thy Gauds (*wealth*, *Sport*, *Pride*) breed Vexation;
Like Hoboyes, on Earths Stage, oft uſhering in — Damnation.
15 Ah, while, like Larks, fools with vain feathers play,
Pleaſ'd with Sinnes glaſſe, are ſnatcht away,
In midſt of their Exceſſe, to Hells tormenting Bay!
16 *world*, thou ſoul-wracking Ocean! Flatteries blow
Thee up, thou blue with Spite doſt grow,
Briniſh with Luſt, like the *Red-ſea*, with Bloud doſt flow.
17 And, like the *Baſilisks* prodigious eyes,
Thy firſt ſight kills, but thy ſelf dyes
Firſt ſeen: Quick-ſighted Faith thy Darts prevents, and ſpies.
18 Had'ſt been leſſe cruel, thou had'ſt been leſſe kind;
Thy Gall, prov'd Medicine, heales my Mind:
Thus *Hell* may help to *Heav'n*, the *Fiend* a Soul *befriend*.
19 The age-bow'd Earth groans under Sinners weight!
Juſtice, oppreſt, to Heav'n takes flight,
Vengeance her place ſupplies, which with keen Edge will ſmite.
20 Falſe *world*! is Hell the Legacy to thy Friend?
Crawl with thy trifles to the Fiend:
We ſcorn thy Pack. — thIs year May bVrnIng CLoſe thy enD.

For

7 Aſpidis ira tuum non æquat, *Munde*, Venenum:
Indè venenatas protrudis ad Infera Mentes,
Præſtigiis damnans Cultores, Leno, Gehennæ.
8 Non fatuos laxis excurrere mitor habenis;
In Mundo ſolùm tuus expetit aſſecla Cœlum;
Quod dare, *Munde*, licèt videaris, ut unda recedit.
9 Oſcula fige doloſa, *Nerone* neronior ipſo;
Quò magis arrides, magis hinc ſibi quiſque caveret:
Denudabo Dolos, ſolvamque è compede plexos.
10 Perfidioſus Amor tuus eſt; tua, bullula, bilis,
Laus ignis fatuus, tua forma fugacior Euro;
Te benè qui norunt miſerum ſentêre Theatrum:
11 *Dæmon* ubi conſors *Homini*; Senſuſque, doloſo
Ore, dat injuſtis injuſta Encomia factis:
Hic audire, patíve, Malúmve patrare, neceſſe.
12 Sunt Socii fures pretioſi Temporis; iſtud
(Vana placent Vanis) quodcunque loquendo refundunt,
Flectit ad Illecebras ſancto de Tramite Mentes.
13 Prætextu *Lucis*, Peſſundant *Sacra* Profani;
Optima quæ fuerant, *Conventibus* Omnia fiunt;
Omnia Nil Pariunt, niſi Schiſmata, (More *Corinthi.*)
14 Quiſquilias, Animæ pretio, proponis emendas;
Provenit ex *Opibus*, *Joculis*, & *Honoribus* Angor;
Sæpè Gehennali Præludia ſplendida Buſto!
15 Heu! dum Vanipetæ Plumis, ut Alauda, jocantur,
Dumque favent Sceleſum Speculis,—in Criminis actu,
Horrida Tartareæ raptantur ad Agmina Flammæ!
16 Perdanimum tu, *Munde*, Fretum! turgeſcis in altum
Obſequio, palles Livore, Libidine ſalſus,
Sanguine profuſo, *Rubrum* velut *Æquor*, inundas.
17 Prodigioſa refers *Baſiliſci* Lumina, primo
Deſtruis intuitu, viſus prior, ipſe necaris:
Teque, Tuumque *Fides* prævertit Acumine virus.
18 Si minùs immittis, mitis minùs indè fuiſſes;
Menti, felle tuo, Panacea probata paratur:
Itur ad Aſtra, per Orcum; Animæ ſic Dis fit Amicus.
19 Pondere Peccantûm Tellus gibboſa gemiſcit:
Aſtræa ad ſuperum, violata, revertit Olympum;
Sera, at certa, Reos *Vindicta* ſevera prehendet.
20 An Styga, *Munde*, Tuis tua Teſtamenta reſignant?
Intricis, *Delire*, tuis ad Dæmona; Totum
Te dedignamur:—ſit *Conflagratio Mundi.*

The Summary of Wiſedome.

For All that is in the World, The Luſt of the Eyes, is not of the FATHER, but is of the World, &c.

21. MIdas, to th' Barre; thou void of Grace, yet ſtor'd
With Gold, thy minted *God*, ador'd:
Thou, and thine Idol, periſh in thy wretched Hord.
22 Thy heart is lockt up in thy ſhrined Chinck:
O, heavy Gold, bred near Hells brink!
Miſgotten Elf, thou Heav'n-deſigned Soules doſt ſink!
23 *Whoſe Gain is Godlineſſe*, — The Scripture lie
Perverts: —Dayes him with Intereſt fee,
Who Inceſt ſtill commits with his Coynes Progeny.
24 Thou haſt too much, yet ſtill thou whin'ſt for more;
Thou, wiſhing, want'ſt; art, wanting, poor:
Thou would'ſt ev'n plunder Hell for Caſh to cramme thy Store.
25 While gripes of Famine mutiny within,
And tan, like hides, the ſhrivel'd skin
Of thoſe thou haſt decoy'd into thy tangling Ginne.
26 Whoſe skin, ſear as the bark of ſapleſſe wood,
Clings to their bones, for want of food;
Friendleſſe, as are Sea-monſters thrown aſhore by th' Flood.
27 Though Faſts be all their Phyſick, their Corps all
Their Earth, who for thy Pity call,
Yet art thou harder to them than their bed, the ſtall.
28 *Penurious Churl, when ſhall I* (ſayes thine Heir)
Ranſack thy Cheſts? ſo eaſe thy Care:
Purchaſe, inſtead of Ground, a Grave! — *Dye, Wretch, to ſpare!*
29 *Hath treach'rous Coin ſwell'd by thy Curſe?* — *Live ſtill*
Lay-Elder: *Soon thy Crimes fulfill*:
The heavieſt Curſe on this ſide Hell's to thrive in Ill.
30 How curſed Love of Money doth bewitch
The leprous Mind with pleaſing Itch!
This Slave to his own Servant, ne're was poor, till rich!
31 Graves may be ſooner cloy'd, than craving eyes;
Bribes blanch *Gehazi* till he dies.
Thou, Fool, Death ſhall this night thy Dunghill Soul ſurprize.
32 Nor would this City-Wolf lead Men to Snares,
Nor vex his Mind with carking Cares,
View'd he himſelf i'th' Mirrour which *Deſpair* prepares.

Nam Omnia quæ ſunt in Mundo, Libido Oculorum, *non eſt ex* PATRE, *ſed ex Mundo,* &c.

21 M*Ida*, tende Manum ; tibi Gratia rara, ſed Auri
Satque, ſuperque ; tuum *Nummum*, quaſi *Numen* adoras:
Tu, Numenque tuum Nummi pereatis in Arcâ.
22 Æſtuat anguſtæ cor opertum in carcere Ciſtæ :
Proh, Auri grave Pondus, Humi propè Viſcera nati !
Cœlipetas premis (heu !) male-partum, ad Tartara Mentes !
23 *Cui Lucrum Pietas* ; ---Sanctæ Sacra cuncta prophanat
Scripturæ : ----Uſuram Lux quæque rependit Avaro,
Progeniem proprii poſtquàm inceſtaverit Auri.
24 Inter Opes es inops, congeſto es egenus in Auro ;
Sic, cupiendo, cares ; fulvumque, carendo, Metallum
Eriperes ipſo, quo fias ditior, Orco.
25 Ilia dum ſtringunt Inopum Jejunia, tortum
Ut corium, rugoſa Cutis fiacceſcit Eorum,
Subdola quos plexâ illexiſti in retia Fraude.
26 Eſt macilenta quibus pellis, velut arida cortex,
Deficiente cibo, vix oſſibus hæret ; Amicis
Deſtituuntur, Aquis ut nudæ in Littora Phocæ.
27 Pharmaca ſint tenui licèt His Jejunia victu,
Nilque habeant Terræ, niſi Corpora ; Durior Illis
Es, quàm, ubi decumbunt, ſunt dura cubilia Saxi.
28 *Sordide, quando tuas* (Hæres ita muſſitat) *Arcas*
Evacuabo ? fores minùs anxius indè ; Sit ipſi
Pro Cumulo Tumulus ! Moriendo, Miſerrime, parcas !
29 *Perfida* MEROSIÆ *ſi auxêre Stipendia* DIRÆ, Judg. 5. 23.
Vive, rapax Senior ;---Subito tua Crimina, comple :
Proſpera quêis Peccata, quid infælicius illis ?
30 Auri ſacra Fames, quali Incantamine Mentem
Faſcinat ! inducens placidâ Prurigine Lepram;
Servo Verna ſuo, creſcente fit indigus Ære.
31 Ingluviem forſan poſſis ſatiare Sepulcrũ,
Haud Oculi ; Morbo periit *Gehaſius* iſto :
Hæc Nox eſt Animam, Stulte, ablatura lutoſam !
32 Civicus iſte Lupus Laqueos nec tenderet ullis,
Nec Curis eſſet, Mentem torquentibus, amens,
Cernere ſi poſſet quod *Deſperatio* tendit.

33 So waſtefull, *uſurer*, as thy ſelf, there's none;
Who part'ſt with three true Jemmes, for one
Brittle as glaſſe; —thy Fame, Reſt, Soul for ever gone!
34 Who Nettles ſow, ſhall Prickles reap; the train
To Hell is idolized Gain:
Unleſſe thou Fiends can'ſt bribe, thou go'ſt to endleſſe Pain!
35 His hide-bound Conſcience opens now. —*I've run*
On rocks (he howles) *too late to ſhun!*
Grace left, Wrath ſeiz'd me! Gold, my God, hath me undone!
36 *Often to Hell in Dreames I headlong fall!*
From Devils then I ſeem to crawl,
While Furies round about with whips my Soul appall!
37 *Atheiſm our Root, for Boughs were Factions ſtore,*
Hypocriſie our Leaves gilt o're,
Wrath, Treachery, and Extortion, were the Fruit we bore!
38 *Like profane* Eſau *have we ſold our bliſſe,*
For ſhine of Pelf, that nothing is!
This deſperates our Rage, we ſtill blaſpheme at This!
39 Thus curſed *Gripers* reſtleſſe Tortures feel,
Whoſe hearts ſeem'd rocks, whoſe bowels ſteel.
I burn, (cryes *Dives*) *for one drop, deny'd, I kneel!*
40 *Fire each where broyles me, Fire as black as Night!*
Goblins mine Eyes, Eares Shrieks affright!
Sins Debt ſtill paying, nere diſcharg'd, is Infinite!

For all that is in the World, The Luſt of the Fleſh, *is not of the* FATHER, *but is of World, &c.*

41 STrow Flowers for *Spend-thrift*; Antemasks he might
Act before Apes, Spectators right:
Whoſe Dops, Shrugs, Puppet-playes, ſhew beſt by Candle-light,
42 Hot ſhowes the Seaſon by his duſty head;
With fancy'd ribbands round beſpread;
Modiſh, and maddiſh, all untruſt, as going to bed.
43 *Ho! Firſt briſk wine, next let a ſparkling Dame*
Fire our high Bloud, then quench our Flame!
Bleſt is the Son, whoſe Father's gone i'th' Devils Name.
44 *Each pottle breeds a Ruby, Drawer, ſcore 'um:*
Cheeks dy'd in Claret, ſeem o'th' Quorum,
When our Noſe-Carbuncles, like Link-boyes, blaze before 'um.

45 Com-

33 Te, *Danista* furens, non eſt profuſior ullus;
Qui perdis triplicem vitreo pro Munere Gemmam:
Te bona Fama, Quies, Anima & pretioſa relinquunt!
34 Qui ſerit Urticas, metet aſpera. Numen Avari
Ignifluos Erebi ad Rivos deducit; adibis
Æternas, mollire nequis ſi Dæmona, Pœnas!
35 Conſcius ipſe Mali, fremit. *Ah, Miſer* (inquit) *ad iſtos*
Alliſus pereo Scopulos! me Gratia liquit!
Me Furor invaſit! Me cultum prodidit Aurum!
36 *Tartara ſunt mediâ mihi ſæpè oblata Quiete!*
Indè fugam videor moliri à Dite tremendo,
Undique dum Furiæ tacito Tortore flagellant!
37 *Pro Radice Atheiſmus erat; pro centupla Ramis*
Factio; pro variâ Simulatio Fronde; Furores,
Raptus, & *Inſidiæ noſtrâ pro Fruge fuerunt!*
38 *Iuſenſati, & Opum illecti fulgore, profanus*
Sicut Eſau, *ſuperam poſt terga reliquimus* AULAM;
Hinc Rabies deſperat, abhinc Blaſphemia frendet!
39 Sic execrandi ſtimulis cruciantur *Avari*;
Quorum viſa Petræ ſunt Pectora, Viſcera ferrum;
Uror, ait *Dives, tamen unica gutta negatur!*
40 *Ignis adurit ubique, nigredine nigrior Ignis!*
Spectra Oculo! Aſp'ra Auri! ſemper ſua Debita Pœnis
Solvet, at exſolvet nunquam quæ Debita Culpis!

Nam Omnia quæ ſunt in Mundo, Libido Carnis *non eſt ex* PATRE, *ſed ex Mundo, &c.*

41 INtrat *Aſotus* ovans; Vario ſtrue Flore Theatrum;
Simia quæque aptus Spectator Cercopitheco eſt:
Sic Caput, & Collum, ſic Crura, & Brachia torquet.
42 Pulvere conſperſus, Lux eſt æſtiva, Capillos;
Ornant, imò onerant curtas Redimicula Braccas;
Eſt, ac ſi Cubitum iturus, Thorace recincto.
43 *Affer* (ait) *Vinum, ſcintillantémque Puellam,*
Ut quam, Bacche, creas, extinguat Cypria Flammam!
Jupiter aſcendens eſt retrogrado Saturno.
44 *Amphora quæque parit* (*ſignentur prome*) *Pyropum:*
Ora Mero tinctus, cen Purpura Judicis, ardet,
Præmicet igniferi cùm, pro Face, Puſtula Naſi.

45 Compleat thy funetall-Pyle; ſhouldſt thou mark well
How down the Drunkards throat to Hell
Death ſmoothly glides; to ſwim ſo ſadly would thee quell!
46 Spawns of Exceſſe, Dropſies and Surfets are;
From Tenants Sweat's thy Bill of Fare:
Each Glutton digs with's teeth his Grave, whoſe Maw's his Care.
47 He's ſick, and ſtaggers. Doctor, his Caſe ſtate us;
His Cachexie reſults from Flatus
Hypochondriakicus, ex Crapula Creatus.
48 Scarce Well, he ſwills what ſhould the Needy ſtore;
And grindes between his teeth the Poor,
Who beg dry crumnies, which they with Tears would moiſten o're.
49 He a ſharp Reck'ning ſhall, with *Dives*, pay;
Whoſe Feaſts did haſten 'his Audit-day;
Death brought the Voider, and the Devil took away!
50 Enter his *Courteſan*, who fannes his Fire;
Her pratling Eyes teach looſe Deſire:
Fondlings to catch this art-fair Fly, like Trouts, aſpire.
51 With Paint, falſe hair, and naked Breaſts She jetts,
And Patches, (Luſts new Lime-twigs) ſets;
Like Tickets on the Door, Her ſelf (for *Gold*) She lets.
52 Her *Baſilisk*-like Glances taint the Air
Of Virgin-Modeſty, and ſnare
His tangling Thoughts in trammels of her ambuſh hair.
53 With her profuſely he miſpends his dayes
In Balls, and Dances, Treatments, Playes;
And in his Boſome this cloſe-biting-Serpent layes.
54 Death, after Sickneſſe, ſeize this *Hellen* muſt;
Whoſe radiant Eyes, now Orbs of Luſt,
Shall ſink, as falling Starres, which, jelly'd, turn to duſt.
55 How wildly ſhewes corrupted Natures Face,
Till deck't by *Reaſon*, *Learning*, *Grace*?
Without which Politure the Nobleſt Stem is baſe!
56 Fooles rifle out Times Lottery: Who miſpend
The Soules rich Joyes, alive deſcend,
And antedate with ſtings their never-ending End!
57 Thy Acts out-ſin the Devil; Who's ne're foyl'd
With Gluttony or Luſt, ne're foil'd
By Drink; nor in the Net of Slothfulneſſe entoyl'd.
58 Therefore in Time beware; let not Sin-charms
Bewitch thee, till Wrath cryes to Arms.
Sins firſt Face ſmiles, her ſecond frowns, her third Alarms.
59 How blind mad Sinners are when they tranſgreſſe!
All Woes are, than ſuch Blindneſſe, leſſe!
That Wretch moſt wretched is who ſleights his Wretchedneſſe!

45 Conde tuam, moribunde, Pyram: Si, Stulte, notares
Ut fluit Ebriaci citò Mors, per Gutturis Alveum,
Ad Phlegethonta natans, tàm tristè natare paveres!
46 Crapula præ nimio Luxu generatur, & Hydrops;
Hercula Ventricolæ Sudore parantur Agrestûn:
Helluo quisque fodit sibi dente vorace Sepulchrum.
47 Hunc Vertigo gravat. Dic undè Cachexia, Doctor,
Ista venit? *Generatur* (ait) *Vertigo Cerebri*
Flatu Hypochondriaco, quem Crapula crebra creavit.
48 Semivalens, Miseris quod prosit, Gutture sorbet;
Mendicique ejus sub dente teruntur; Egeno
Sicca negat, madidis quæ frusta rigaret Ocellis.
49 *Divitis* Exemplo, Rationem reddet amaram;
Cujus Festa Necem festinavere; Canistrum
Mors tulit horrendum, mox abstulit Omnia *Dæmon*!
50 Luminibus jaculando Faces venit Aulica *Siren*,
Discat & ex Oculo lasciva Cupido loquaci:
Blandi *hanc sollicitant*, Muscam ceu Trutta venustam.
51 Picta Genas, variata Comas, nudata Papillas,
Affixæ Malis Maculæ (quasi *Signa*) notant quòd
Copia sit *Veneris*, nisi desit Copia *Solis*.
52 Aspectu damnosa suo, Basiliscus ut atrox,
Virginei castos deturpat Honoris Amores,
Subdola crispato prætendens Retia Crine.
53 Cum *Meretrice* bonas *Decoctor* contetit Horas:
Saltibus, & Choreis, Epulisque, Jocisque protervis;
Hancque fovet Gremio morsuram prodigus Anguem.
54 Post morbos *Helenam* prendent hanc Tormina Mortis;
Lumina nunc cujus radiosa, Libidinis Orbes,
In Sordes, Meteora velut, Cineresque revertent.
55 Quàm rudis informi facie Natura videtur,
Donec eam *Ratio*, *Doctrina*, & *Gratia* forment?
Nobilis absque quibus vilescit Stemmatis Heros!
56 Integra Vita perit Brutis: Præsentia si quis
Perpretiosa Animæ disperdit Gaudia, vivus
Deperit, infandâ semper stimulatus Erinni!
57 Dæmona Flagitiis superant tua Facta nefandis;
Quem Gula nec fædat, lucrosa Libido nec angit,
Non Vino victus, non à Torpedine vinctus.
58 Dum licet, ergò cave; Scelerum ne Fascina Sensum
Incantent, donec Furor arripit Arma. Malorum
Prima placet Facies, fremit altera, tertia torquet.
59 O, quàm sunt rabidi Peccantes Luminis Orbi!
Quælibet Ærumnæ tali sunt Nocte minores!
Nemo magis Miser est Misero haud miserante Seipsum!

60 When Death ſhall quench thy Flames, and Fiends thee ſeize,
In brimſtone-Torrents, without Eaſe,
Thou'lt broyl mid'ſt blackeſt Fires, and roar mid'ſt burning Seas!

For all that is in the World, The Pride of Life, is not of the FATHER, but is of the World; and the World paſſeth away, and the Luſts thereof, &c.

61 USher *Aſpiro* in with's Loomes of State,
To weave Frauds Web, and his own Fate;
Who, mounted up, throwes down the ſteps him raiſ'd of late.
62 His poſture is ambiguous, his Pace
Is ſtately high, who thinks it Grace,
If he caſts forth a word, and deigns but half a face:
63 Nor minds he what he ſpeaks; For by falſe Light,
Like to his Faith, he thrives; Whoſe Sight,
Clouded with Jealouſie, can never judge aright.
64 By dubious Anſwers he is wont to gueſſe
At Mens Diſlikes; and feares no leſſe
Feign'd Quips, than juſt Reproofs: Fear haunts him in each Dreſs.
65 Ambition prompts to Precipices ſteep,
Which Envy gets, and Hate doth keep;
His daily thoughts of climing break his nightly Sleep.
66 Could he with's foot ſpurn Empires into Air,
And ſit i'th' Univerſall Chair
Of State; Were Pageants made for him, as the Worlds Maior;
67 Thoſe fond Diſguiſements could not long him fence,
But Croſſes ſtill would vex his Senſe,
And leave him bleſt but in the Preterperfect Tenſe.
68 Ev'n That at which Prides towring Project flies,
If gain'd obliquely, ſinks, and dyes:
Earths Potentates! great Aims, Plots, Fears makes Tragedies.
69 *Achitophel* and *Abſalon* prove This,
(Who of their Plots, not Plagues did miſſe)
To *Matchiavels*: *That Ill worſt to the Plotter is.*
70 *Pompey* and *Ceſar* ſo ambitious grow,
A Battel muſt be fought to ſhow
Which of thoſe Cocks o'th' Game o're *Rome* at laſt ſhould crow.
71 The World, as Great—*Cham*, *Turk*, *Mogul* up-cryes,
Tuſcans Great *Duke*, (all, no great prize)
Great *Alexander*; —The *Nine worthy*—Ironies.

72 Ev'n

60 Cùm tuus effrænis ſub Mortem elangueat Ardor,
Sulphuris in Stagnum raptus per Dæmona, nigro
Igne perureris, Pelagóque flagrante ululabis!

Nam Omnia quæ ſunt in Mundo, Superbia Vitæ, *non eſt ex PATRE, ſed ex Mundo; & Mundus tranſit, & Libido ipſius*, &c.

61 *Ambitioſus* adeſt, fallendi callidus Arte,
Quâ texat Fraudis telam, Fatumque ſiniſtrum;
Dejicit ille Gradûs, per quos modò ſcandit in Altum.
62 Se gerit ambiguè, Greſſúſque elatior illi;
Qui ſatis oſtenſum reputat, de More, Favorem,
Vel tria, contorquens Vultum, ſi Verbula Spargat:
63 Verba nec illa Sinu profert; Nam Luce doloſâ,
More ſuæ fidei, lucratur; cernere rectè
Non Oculus Valet Errorum caligine ſeptus.
64 Si quis reſpondet dubiè, putat indè cavendum
Eſſe ſibi; &, quàmvis ſint ficta ſevera, veretur
Ac ſi vera: Reum Mens, undique conſcia, terret.
65 Præcipiti levis Ambitio petit ardua Curſu,
Invidiam pariens, Odio comitata perenni;
Nocte Diéque tumens Requiem diſtorquet Erinnys.
66 Si cuncta expanſum calcare per Aëra poſſet
Sceptra pede, & Mundi regeret ſi ſolus habenas,
Unicus Imperiis det ut omnia Jura ſubactis;
67 Non tamen Illa diù felicem reddere poſſent,
Undique ſed Curis miſer imperitantibus eſſet,
Séque *fuiſſe* ſciat, non ſentiat *eſſe* beatum.
68 Quæ petit Icariis Faſtus ſublimior Alis,
Si malè parta, ruunt ſubitò: Quæcunque eruenta
Prodidit Ambitio ſunt perſonata Theatris.
69 Hoc probat *Achitophel*, hoc degener *Abſalon* (Auſi
Defecere ſuis, Pœnas ſed utérque dedêre)
Matchiavelliacis: *Quod Fraus peſſundat Agentem.*
70 Ambitione pari gliſcunt in Prælia, diris
Pompeius, *Cæſár*que Animis; Stat, nôſſe Duelli
Arbitrio, domitam cui Sors addixerit Urbem.
71 Magnificat Mundus *Chammum*, *Turcamque*, *Magorque*,
Hetruſcumque Ducem (non ſint licèt omnia tanti)
Magnum & *Alexandrum*,—*Ter Tres* reor—Ironias.

The Summary of Wiſedome.

72 Ev'n Scepters reel like reeds: Who had no Bound,
Is bounded in ſix foot of ground;
Here lies the Great——Thou ly'ſt, here but his duſt is found.
73 Who lately ſwell'd to be his Lordſhips ſlave,
May trample now upon his grave,
That levells All. Beſt Lectures duſt-ſeel'd Pulpits have.
74 Where's now the *Aſſyrian* Lion? *Perſian* Bear?
Greek Leopard? *Romes* ſpread-Eagle where?
Where now fam'd *Troy*, that did in old Time domineer?
75 *Troy*'s gone, yet *Simois* ſtayes. See Fates ſtrange Play!
That which was fixt, is fled away;
And what was ever ſliding, that doth onely ſtay!
76 Therefore, why gap'ſt thou thus for Shadowes? who
Neglected lets the Subſtance go,
Led by falſe hope, he makes ſad End in endleſſe Woe!
77 The *Mighty* mighty Totments ſhall endure,
If impious: Hell admits no Cure:
Ambition's never ſafe, though often too ſecure.
78 If Pride on Wing could reach the Starres; yet ſhall,
Like Lucifer, its Carkaſe fall:
Pride mounted Babels Tower, and arched Satans Hall.
79 In Center of the terrible Abyſſe,
Remoteſt from Supernall Bliſſe,
That hapleſſe, hopeleſſe, eaſeleſſe, endleſſe Dungeon is!
80 Where Nought is heard, but Yelling! *O, that I*
Might once more live! or once more dye!
Curſing his Woes, he wooes GODS Curſe Eternally!

But He that doth the Will of GOD, *abideth for ever.*

Lord, Teach us ſo to number our dayes, that we may apply our hearts unto Wiſedome.

81 LUſt brings forth Sin; Sin Shame; Shame-cryes; Repent;
Repentance weeps; Teares Prayer do vent; (ſent.
Prayer brings down Grace; Grace Faith; Faith Love; Love zeal up
82 Who feares GOD, is, without Deſpondence, ſad;
Timorous, without Deſpair; and glad,
Without wild freaks: Whereas the *World*'s Knave, Fool, or Mad.
83 Part ſhould the World what are in Man combin'd;
The Body melts to be refin'd;
Grace cheeres the Suffering, Glory crowns the conquering Mind.

84 Nor

72 Sunt Sceptra, ut cannæ: Cui non ſuffecerat Orbis,
Sarchophagus, licèt anguſtus, comprêndit. Ineptè
Dicitur, *Hic Magnus jacet*—Erro, quid hîc niſi pulvis?
73 Dudum qui Satrapæ ſervire tumebat ovanti;
Audet nunc imo poſitum calcare Sepulchro,
Quod Cunctos æquat. Documenta dat optima *Marmor.*
74 Dic ubi nunc *Syrus* eſt Leo? dic ubi *Perſicus* Urſus?
Græcus ubi Leopardus abit? diſpanſa potentis
Romæ ubi nunc Aquila eſt? ubi celſæ Mœnia *Troiæ*?
75 *Troia* abiit, *Simoiſque* manet. Legem aſpice Fati!
Urbs quæ fixa fuit, diffugit Mobilis; atque
Permanet in fluxu ſtabilis Conſtantia Rivi!
76 Ergò, quid aſſiduis inhias Conatibus Umbras?
Qui ſolidum amittit Corpus, ſpe ductus inani,
Triſtia perpetuo concludit Fata Dolore!
77 *Magnates*, Vos magna manent Tormenta, Tyranni
Si ſitis; Nulli parcit furialis Erinnys;
Sæpiùs Ambitio ſecura eſt, tutaque nunquam.
78 Vertice ſi feriat pennata Superbia Stellas;
Cum Satanâ tamen eſt ruitura; Superbia ſtruxit
Culmina Babelis, torvíque Ergaſtula Ditis.
79 Terribilis diræ Centro ſtat Carcer Abyſſi,
Sedibus à ſuperis procul, ah, procul Ætheris Aulâ!
Quò ſpes nulla Boni, quò Meta nec ulla Malorum!
80 Ruget in Igne furens. *O, ſi mihi vivere rurſus*
Fas foret extincto! Morièmve ſubire! Perennem
Execrando DEI *damnatus* acuminat Iram!

Sed Qui facit Voluntatem DEI, *manet in Æternum,*

Domine, doce nos dies noſtras ita enumerare, ut applicemus Sapientiæ Corda noſtra.

81 Turpe Libido parit; Pudor hinc; reſipiſce ſuſurrat
Tunc Pudor; erumpunt Lachrymæ; Precibuſque revertit
Gratia; abindè Fides, & Amor, Zeluſque reſurgunt.
82 Qui timet OMNISCIUM, dolet abſque Horrore; pavetque,
Sed non deſperat; Scelerum ſine turbine gaudet:
Cum *Mundus* Nequam, Fatuúſve Furénſve notetur.
83 Separet ætheream licèt *hic* à Corpore Mentem;
Liquitur ut tantùm deponat inania Corpus:
Gratia pugnantem, Vincentem Gloria cingit.

84 Nor Chance, Change, Fraud, nor Force, the Just Man fright;
In greatest Pressures He stands right;
Ever the same, (While Sloth feels Want, Ambition Spight.)
85 From costly Bills of greedy *Empyricks* free;
From Plea of *Ambidexters* Fee;
From hypocritick Schism of *Kirkish* Tyranny.
86 He with Observance honours Vertues Friends;
And to their faithfull Counsell bends;
But not on empty formes of Worldly gauds depends.
87 In praysing GOD, above the Starres He climes;
And pitying Courts, with all their Crimes,
And Fawns, and Frownes, dares to be good in Worst of Times;
88 Joy, Little World, spite of the Greater, blest;
Scanted abroad, within dost feast,
Hast CHRIST Himself for Cates, The Holy GHOST for Guest.
89 Thou walk'st in Groves of Myrrh, with CHRIST thy Guide,
(The best of Friends that e're was tri'd)
By Thee in Vale of Teares spirituall Joy's descry'd.
90 Knew but the World what glorious Joyes still move
In Faiths bright Orb, 't would soar above
All Sense, and center in the Point of Heav'nly Love!
91 O, Loves high'st Height! Thou art the Wise mans Bliss!
T' enjoy Thee's Heav'n, Hell Thee to misse!
The Earth, yea, Heav'n hath its Beatitude from This!
92 No Christian Kings win by each others Losse;
What One gets by Retail, in Grosse
All lose; While still the Crescent gains upon the *Crosse*.
93 As Children fight for toyes; So Kings for clods:
Heav'ns Heir's more great, and rich by ods:
For All is His, and He is CHRISTS, and CHRIST is GODS.
94 No Bank on Earth such Summes of Wealth can lend,
As Saints, who on Heav'ns Grace depend; (their Friend.
GODS Word their Law, His SPIRIT their Guide, The LAMB
95 But, what's vain Man? what his earth-crawling Race?
That GOD should such a shadow grace,
And him Eternally in GLORIES Region place?
96 No Surfets Maw-worm's there, no itch of Lust,
No Tympany of Pride, no rust
Of Envy, no Wraths spleen, nor Obdurations crust.
97 But, there, though Bliss exceeds, It never cloyes;
For, sweet Fruitions Feast employes
Still new Desire; Where none can count his least of Joyes!
98 The Soul there (throwing off her raggs of clay,
Laid in Earths Ward-robe, till last Day)
Ever triumphs in every Beatifick Ray.

99 There,

84 Non terrent Casus, Fraus, Vis, Mutatio *Justum*;
Quò magis opprimitur, revirescit amœnior; Usque
Par Sibi (dum *Timidúsque* caret, *Timidúsque* macrescit.)
85 Non *Medicastrorum* Sostris emungitur; Et non
Lucrosis *Juristæ* Ambagibus angitur; Et non
Presbyteri Hunc vexat, Scotos populata, Tyrannis.
86 Cultori eximios Virtutis præbet Honores;
Datque piis monitis Aurem; Sed Phasmata Mundi
Frivola contemnit, vacuis splendentia formis.
87 TRIN-UNI jubilando, coruscа supervolat Astra;
Cúmque suo miserans pomposa Palatia *Fastu*,
Astu, *Æstu*, esse bonus, Vitiis ringentibus, audet.
88 Munde minor, gaude, Majore frementе, beatus;
Orbus in Orbe licèt, Bellaria Mentis abundant,
SPIRITUS est Conviva *Tibi*, Convivia CHRISTUS.
89 Dirigis ad Myrrhæ Lucos, Duce NUMINE, gressus;
(CHRISTUS enim Lateri fidissimus astat Achates)
Delicias Cœli Lachrymarum è Valle tueris.
90 Si sciret Mundus quæ Gloria, Gaudia quanta
Arcessenda Fide, Sensum sublimibus Alis
Sperneret, immensóque DEI flagraret Amore!
91 O, Quis *Amoris* Honor! Felicibus unica Merces!
Te coluisse valet Cœlum, caruisse Barathrum!
Hinc ornatur Humus, micat hinc Seraphinus Olympus!
92 Bellica Christiadum Discordia dira Regentûm!
Uni quod Palma, est Reliquis Jactura; Per Orbem
Dum Vexilla *Crucem* debellant Turcica CHRISTI.
93 Pro nuce, ceu Pueri, confligunt undique Reges:
Ditior his Cœli, longéque potentior, Hæres;
Cuncta tenens, cùm sit CHRISTI, CHRISTUSque DEI sit.
94 Totus, Munde, tuus Thesaurus deficit; atquì
Cœlica pro solido satis est His Gratia Fulcro.
Queis Lex Jussa DEI, Dux SPIRITUS, AGNUS Amicus.
95 Sed, quid inanis Homo? terræ quid origo repentis?
Tantillæ quòd Tanta DEUS concederet umbræ?
Inque *Beatorum* suprema Sede locaret!
96 Non ibi Guttur hians, petulansve Libidinis Æstus;
Turgescens non Fastus ibi, livensve Rubigo,
Ira nec excrucians, aut Obduratio crustans.
97 Sed fluit Infinita, ut & insatiata Beatis,
Usque *Potita* licèt, tamen usque *Petita* Voluptas!
Quarum quæ minor est Animi transcendit Acumen!
98 Mens ibi (depositо terrenæ Pondere Molis
Telluris Camerâ, summum expectante Tribunal,)
Jugitèr Angelico suffusa Nitore triumphat.

99 Quis-

99 There, each *Saint* doth an endlesse Kingdome own!
There each *King* hath a starry Crown!
Each *Scepter* there o're-powers the Worlds, and Devils frown!!
100 None blest, but He who finds the JUDGE his Friend,
When the last Trump shall Summons send!
The End doth crown, the Work, may JESUS crown

The END!

Quisque ibi *Sanctorum* Regno sine Fine fruetur!
Quisque ibi stellato *Rex* est Diademate cinctus!
Quæque ibi *Sceptra* premunt Mundi Satanæque Furorem;
Fælix Nemo nisi cui JUDEX astat Amicus,
Buccina terribilis cùm clanxerit ultima, *Surge*!
Meta coronat Opus, Metamque coronet IESUS!

FINIS.

FINIS.

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